Next was a presentation by a woman who'd directed a movie about the relationship between mentally ill people and the police. The director was a well-heeled Bohemian from the suburbs. She'd spent several hours riding around with the cops as they responded to crises by arresting the clients involved in them and bringing them in for "assessment." She said it all came down to a three-point support plan. Housing, family, and friends. Afterwards Adam observed that all of our tenants had been abandoned by their families. Few of them had strong friendships. It would require a very strong friendship to withstand so much hardship and loss. We offered housing or at least shelter, but they were always getting evicted or running away. When the woman referred to the cops as our frontline mental health workers, Sophy, who had come on her own for the free food, guffawed loudly, swore, and walked out. The woman from the suburbs tried to ignore her.

She seemed relieved when Samantha put up her hand to talk. At her most unctuous, Samantha told us how much she liked the police. They'd never given her any trouble. When she was stranded in the middle of nowhere, they always gave her a ride home. I remembered such episodes. The manager wanted her to walk, but she'd frighten the locals so much, with her catatonic posturing and delusional friends, that they'd call the police to have her removed.

Samantha's relationship with the police wasn't amicable.